

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

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THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

News from London---A Woman of the World---
Lovers in the Dumps, and Ladies in Hysterics.

DR. Franklin and his family had just finished breakfast, when the postman's welcome rap gave to almost every bosom a degree of palpitation visible upon each countenance. The servant soon after entered with a letter for Miss Harriet Franklin, who eagerly caught it from his hand, but put up a pouting lip when she perceived that the superscription was written by her mother; and her chagrin increased as she perused the contents. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, handing the letter to Dr. Franklin, "how unlucky this is! My poor papa is attacked with the gout, and I must quit dear Devonshire directly: but I hope my kind uncle will not let my sudden departure occasion him to retract his promise of permitting my cousin to accompany me. I dare say she can be ready by the day after tomorrow, and I shall not be able to leave Exeter sooner." The eyes of Eliza spoke a ready assent. "Stop," said the Doctor, deliberately putting on his spectacles, "let me see what your mother writes." He then read aloud,—

"Dear daughter,

I must insist upon your returning to London immediately. Your father has been seized with the gout in a most violent manner, and is so cross, that I can do nothing with him; and, indeed, if he was better tempered, the cares of a family make it impossible for me to be constantly at his elbow. Lord help me, every thing rests on my hands; for your sister Mary is of no more use to me than a post; and I suppose you have grown such a fine lady now, that you will be little better: however, as your health is perfectly restored, I can't but say it is high time for you to return: and I dare say all friends in Devonshire are heartily tired of you. God knows I have little enough of pleasure in this world: I am obliged to have an eye to every thing: such a head as your father has, and such a set of idle, extravagant hussies as servants are, it behoves me to keep a sharp lookout that I am not robbed to my very teeth. However, I have not time to write you an account of all my troubles. Your father is constantly wishing for you, so pray come back directly. We hope to see Miss Eliza with you, and will endeavor to make her stay among us as pleasant as possible, considering that we are now at sixes and sevens, every thing in confusion, as a body may say. I am sure, if Mr. Warren was not such a quiet, good young man, he would be out of patience. Husband

and daughter join me in love to yourself and the family.

From your most affectionate mother,

MARTHA FRANKLIN.

Eliza, did not much admire the style of her aunt's letter, whom she had never seen, but always heard mentioned as a *clever, notable woman*; and hesitated whether she should accept an invitation so uncouthly delivered. Still London, with all its pictured allurements, had the power to overcome all trivial scruples; and she waited with restrained impatience, her father's decision. "My sister-in-law is always overwhelmed with a multiplicity of affairs," said the Doctor; "and I almost fear my Eliza may be thought an intruder at this particular crisis." "Oh, pray, Sir," cried Harriet, nearly in tears, "do not wrong us by such a supposition. I am sure all will be glad to see her: and consider, dear uncle, how long you have promised." "But consider, Miss Harriet," said the prudent Mrs. Rochford, "what a dangerous place London is for an inexperienced young creature." "Phoo! phoo!" interrupted the Doctor, who dearly loved to contradict the prim spinster, who had assumed the title of Mrs. without any just claim, "Eliza has not charms enough to give us very serious apprehensions on her account." "But let me tell you, Sir," retorted the piqued

housekeeper, "that few women are ugly enough to be out of danger at all times. Lord help your silly soul! how should you know, who never stir from your own chimney corner, as one may say? For my part I know enough of the temptations to be wicked." "And, I trust, Mrs. Rochford," said Harriet, archly, "you always had resolution enough to withstand them." "To be sure I had," was the reply. "Then you should not doubt my Eliza," said the Doctor, "who has benefited by your instructions. What think you Herbert?" Percival Herbert was a young man of amiable manners, and a pupil of the Doctor's, who treated him as one of the family, as well on account of his merit as the liberal stipend allowed by his friends for his maintenance and expenses. "I have not, I confess, Sir, any doubt of Miss Franklin's prudence in any situation; nor can I think a short visit to London, under the care of respectable friends, likely to be attended with any unpleasant consequences." "Neither can I," rejoined Dr. Franklin; "so the girl shall go." Eliza sprang from her seat, and gave him a grateful kiss, seconded by another from Harriet; while Herbert laughing, said, "those kisses are due to me for my arbitration." "You are a bold youth," Eliza replied; "but Emma shall pay our debts; so I will go and apprise her. Will you walk, Harriet?" "That is just what I wished," whispered Harriet, and they were going out of the room. "Stay, niece," said the Doctor, "who is this Mr. Warren? I do not recollect to have heard you mention him." "Oh! Sir, he is no favorite of mine; and I seldom speak of those I cannot admire: but folks say he is a good sort of a young man, as times go. He is a student in Westminster school; and his father, the Rector of Priordale, having some knowledge of our family, placed him to lodge and board in the house till he goes to college, which will be very soon. He is now about twenty, and has a good prospect of church preferment." "For what reason do you dislike him?" "Because he is not gay and agreeable, as most youths in his situation are. Oh, he is close, wondrous close." "Why, I own I never admired that trait in a young man's character," said Doctor Franklin: "few very young people are reserved, without they have some vice to conceal." "And then, Sir, he has such absurd notions of women as you never

heard; but he is quite a quiz." "I hope, Miss Franklin," said the Doctor, gravely, "you will not teach Eliza any of those modish expressions. I make every allowance for the latitude given a lady's tongue in London; but I can assure you, that to ears unaccustomed to such jargon, it is particularly offensive. I know, my dear, you only err from want of thought, and hope you will correct your phraseology, which the licence of fashion renders indelicate and disgusting."

Harriet appeared much mortified, and was glad to escape from the room. Her high spirits soon made her forget the momentary rebuke. "I wonder," said she, "what poor Walpole will say. I know he will be quite distracted. No doubt, we shall meet him before we get to Southern Hall. Howard, too; what will become of him? I declare you don't seem to feel half so much regret at leaving him, whom you have known these two years, as I do one I have scarcely known so many months. Ah, you do not love as I do."

"Not exactly," replied Eliza, smiling: "neither will he be distracted on the occasion." "No, no, hang it," Harriet rejoined, "he has no fire! Give me ardor—give me energy." Harriet was so much an admirer of energy, that a few gallant speeches from a young lieutenant, then quartered in Exeter, and who had occasionally met her at public places, quite intoxicated her senses. Her person was extremely attractive, her manners sprightly, and she indulged freely in a sort of *brusquerie*, which sometimes offended the grave, and too often admitted of misconstruction. Her taste in dress, and gaiety of deportment, soon attracted the notice of the dissipated Walpole. Like a true soldier he followed up the attack, with intrepid assurance, and unabating assiduity; not once reflecting on the terms of capitulation: nor could all the admonitions of Eliza draw her from an intimacy so dangerous.

Eliza Franklin was just one-and-twenty; nor had her heart remained so many years untouched. A young man possessing every requisite likely to make her happy, had addressed her, with the approbation of her friends, and possessed her earliest affection; but within a week of their expected union, an alarming and fatal disorder termina-

ted his existence. Eliza endured two years of inexpressible anguish; nor did she think her heart capable of receiving another impression, till the unremitting attentions of young Howard, and the marked partiality with which her father distinguished him, awakened her gratitude.

Howard was a young man of independent property; his person was unexceptionable, his manners far from disagreeable, and his disposition universally extolled; and though Eliza found it impossible to bestow on him that lively regard she believed his due, she consented to become his wife, in compliance with the wish of her father, first apprising him of her real sentiments towards him.

Howard trusted to time to erase a first impression: he beheld in her an affectionate daughter, a faithful friend; and had no fear that a child, who evinced the most respectful affection towards a parent, would ever fail in other duties. He was not of that romantic turn that required an ardent passion; and it was for this seeming want of sensibility that Harriet ridiculed him.

As Harriet expected they met Walpole before they had proceeded many paces. He expressed much concern and surprize at her leaving Devonshire so unexpectedly soon, and assured her he would very soon obtain leave of absence, to visit her in London. This Eliza thought mere common-place compliment; but Harriet seemed so well satisfied, that she could not bear just then to wound her feelings, by expressing a doubt of his sincerity.

Walpole attended them to the door of Ashmount Farm, then took a tender leave of Harriet, and left them. Emma Villars, the first and dearest friend of Eliza, was the daughter of an opulent farmer, whose hospitable table was the theme of the country round: yet avarice and ostentation seemed, in his disposition, eternally in contention; and he would hoard with scrupulous exactness, when he thought he should escape observation; and lavish with profusion, that his name might obtain distinction.

(To be continued.)

Selected Biography.

ANECDOTES OF PAUL,
LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.*From Secret Memoirs of the Court of
Petersburgh.*

THE prince, whom Paul appears to have chosen for the prototype of his reign and actions, is Frederic William, father of the great king of Prussia. The same austerity of manners, and the same passion for soldiers, are found in the Russian autocrate. For the rest, I have drawn, I conceive, the character of Paul in relating his actions; if not, the task, I confess, is above my powers. It is well known, that nothing is so difficult to paint as an infant, whose physiognomy is as yet unsettled, and it is the same with the character of an eccentric man. The most favorable plea we can make for him is, that the light of the French revolution has touched his brain, and disordered his intellects. It had already disturbed the much stronger head of his mother. It is said, that the people of Paris, crowding to see Paul, then a youth, cried, "My God, how ugly he is!" and that he had the good sense to laugh at it*. He is not improved since he is grown old, bald, and wrinkled. The empress appears by his side like one of those beautiful women who are painted with a little deformed blackamoor near them, as a contrast to their dignity and grace. The singularity which he affects in his dress, and the severity of his manners, add greatly to his deformity. Without excepting even the Kalmuks and Kirghises, Paul is the ugliest man in his extensive dominions: and he himself considers his countenance as so shocking, that he dares not impress it upon his coin.

I shall here subjoin some traits, which will serve to describe Paul by his own actions; and will prove, that when grand-duke, he announced what we have seen of him since his accession.

* He is greatly changed; or rather, he now dares show himself what perhaps he was already. A poor soldier, in the agony of his sufferings under the cane, by Paul's order, for a trifling fault in his exercise, cried out in despair, "Cursed baldhead! cursed baldhead!" The enraged autocrate gave orders that he should expire under the knout; and issued a proclamation, by which it was prohibited, under pain of the same punishment, for any one to make use of the term bald, in speaking of the head, or snubbed, in speaking of the nose.

Near his castle of Pavlosky he had a terrace, from which he could see all the centinels, whom he delighted to station about him, wherever there was room for a centry-box. On this covered terrace he spent a part of each day, and observed with a spying-glass all that was passing about him. Often he sent a servant to a centinel, to order him to button or unbutton a little more of his coat, to keep his musket higher or lower, to walk at a greater or lesser distance from his centry-box. Sometimes he would go himself nearly half a mile to give these important orders, and would cane the soldier, or put a rouble into his pocket, according as he was angry or pleased with him.

Pavlosky was an open village, yet guards were appointed, who wrote down the names of all who entered it, or went out of it, and who were obliged to tell whence they came, whither they were going, or what they wanted. Every evening each house was visited, to learn if there were any strangers there. Every man who wore a round hat, or had a dog with him, was arrested. The village, which had been much frequented because of its beautiful situation, soon became a desert; persons turned out of their way to avoid it; and when Paul was perceived at a distance, he was carefully shunned. These circumstances increased his displeasure and suspicions, and he often caused the persons who thus sought to avoid him, to be pursued and questioned.

One day he put all the officers of his battalion under arrest, because they had saluted him awkwardly in filing off after their drill, and he ordered them to be called out for eight days successively to file off and salute before him, sending them regularly back to the guard-house till they were able to perform according to his fancy.

Exercising one day his regiment of cuirassiers, the horse of an officer threw him. Paul ran furiously towards him, crying, "Get up, rascal."—"Your highness, I cannot, I have broken my leg." Paul spat upon him, and retired swearing.

Passing at another time unexpectedly and secretly by one of his guard-houses, the officer, not knowing him, did not order out his men: upon which he instantly turned back, boxed the ears of

the officer, and ordered him to be disarmed, and put under arrest.

One day, travelling from Tzarsko-selo to Gatshina, of which the road was in the middle of a marshy forest, he suddenly recollected something, and ordered the coachman to return. "Presently, your highness," said the coachman; "the road is here too narrow."—"How, rascal," cried Paul, "wont you turn immediately." The coachman, instead of answering, hastened to a spot where it was possible to comply: Paul, however, called to his equerry, and ordered him to arrest and punish the rebellious coachman. The equerry assured him, that he would turn in a moment. Paul flew into a passion with the equerry also: "You are a pitiful scoundrel like himself," said he. "Let him overturn the carriage, let him break my neck, but let him obey me, and turn the instant I command him." During the dispute the coachman succeeded in turning, but Paul had him chastised on the spot.

Since his accession, one of his horses stumbled with him in one of the streets of Petersburg: he alighted immediately, held a sort of council with his attendants, and the horse was condemned to receive fifty lashes with a whip. Paul caused them to be given on the spot, before the populace, and counted himself the strokes, saying, "There, sir, that is for having stumbled with the emperor."

One day, when only grand-duke, he met in the gardens a man with a round hat, who wished to avoid him. Paul caused the man to be brought before him, and found that he was a clock-maker, who came to repair his time-keepers. After having at great length remonstrated with him on the indecency of round hats, he asked his wife for some pins, and raising the flaps of the hat, cocked it himself, and then replaced it upon the head of its owner.

To balance this multitude of absurdities, he exhibits many traits of humanity: the pensions which he has bestowed on the unfortunate, the hospitals which he has founded for his soldiers, the provisions which he distributes among his poor officers, and other acts of benevolence and justice, attest that he deserves the character rather of a capricious than a bad man.

DIVERSIONS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE RUSSIANS,

From Peter Storch's Picture of Petersburg.

THE diversions and amusements of the politer part of mankind are, by the extent of civilization, and the regular intercourse of nations, now become so much alike in all countries, that the account of them taken from one capital would nearly suit all others: the popular diversions however, still almost every where bear the stamp of a certain peculiarity which may not unfrequently be regarded as a remarkable addition to the history of its manners. Besides if it be true that the most delicate features and properties of the national character are principally displayed in the methods adopted for indulging in mirth, it will be well worth our while to quit, for a few moments, the elegant circles where joy is circulated, like money, under the stamp of conventional decorum, in order to mix among the great multitude where every person may rejoice in the way most agreeable to himself.

The Russian, on the whole, is a cheerful being. A happy volatility, and a thoughtlessness peculiar to himself, accompany him through life. The most penurious condition, and the most toilsome labor, leave him always some sensibility for the enjoyment of his existence. The former gives him no concern, as his circle of ideas seldom extends to the representation of a nobler and more refined state of being; and the latter he mitigates by singing his country ballads, and taking a drop of brandy. The verge at which this excellent ground-color in the national character gradually fades away, is the line of partition between the populace and the citizen. The higher the classes of mankind, the less natural is their mirth. In the boxes of the opera, and the brilliant circles, the countenances here are as gloomy as in any capital of Europe. A convincing proof, that content and satisfaction are not confined to the soil of politeness and wealth!

The cheerful disposition of the common Russians being chiefly manifested by *singing*, that may well deserve to be mentioned, as the most general amusement. Every employment, even the most laborious, the Russian alleviates

by singing, and every satisfaction, every amusement, is by the same means heightened and improved. There is certainly not a nation in Europe in which the propensity to this amusement is so prevalent as in this. In France, the people sing likewise; but only opera airs and vaudevilles, which are admired by the genteel part of the public: whereas in Russia are heard, the true popular ditties, composed and set to music by the inferior classes of the populace, and are sung, in the very same manner in every town and village from Petersburg to Irkutsk. The national interest contained in the subjects of these ballads, their extremely simple but melodious tunes, the musical dispositions, and generally well-formed organs of the Russians, produce a very agreeable and surprising effect even on unmusical strangers and foreigners. It is therefore a very customary recreation of the higher ranks in St. Petersburg, to take with them in the boat on their parties of pleasure on the water, a band of expert singers, to sing to them the popular Russian ballads, a practice likewise often used at their tables at home. In summer, the Neva is covered with boats, from which these songs resound, and particularly, on fine evenings, delight the ears of the solitary walkers on the quays, lulling them into sweet reveries, or awakening in them mild sensations by their soft and plaintive tones.

When the Russian populace are disposed to be merry in company, the *dance* cannot be omitted. Without dancing and singing there can be no junketing. Certainly no popular dance in any country can be more expressive and diverting than the national dance commonly called the Dove-dance, and it is well danced, not only in the politer circles of the higher ranks, but even by the populace. It is generally performed by one couple, who stand facing one another at some distance, seemingly make love together, and by very energetic pantomimical gestures, by turns sue, reject, importune, disdain, and comply: in all which, the personal talents of the dancers, the modest solicitations of the lover, and the affected coyness of the fair one, form the greater or less variety of shades. The dancers approach and retreat in certain measured steps, which however are not strictly connected with the music. As this dance is throughout a natural, strongly

expressive pantomime, art can add little or nothing to its improvement: I have seen it more frequently well danced among the common people than in genteel companies, but only once to perfection by experienced popular dancers.—The music to which it is danced, is extremely simple; often no instrument at all is used, but the bye-standers sing in chorus some vulgar ballad to the tune.

THE FLIRT.

A MORAL TALE.

I AM not inclined to descant or enlarge, on the failings of my fellow creatures. A friend to human nature, however it may be depraved, I contemplate, with satisfaction and awe, its sublime tendency. It either has truth for its object, or it has none, that can be called rational. But we find, that, from false education, erected on erroneous principles, and enforced by deceitful examples, our species have often erred from truth, and wandered through the paths of deception, 'till they have rushed into the vortex of vice. Let me adduce an example of what I have alluded to. It may excite some degree of attention, and ought to furnish admonition to many a parental heart. Be it not inferred on this occasion, that I give a loose to fancy. In the course of my narrative, morality shall be my guide, and utility my object.

Araminta in her childhood was under the guidance of her mother. Let not therefore her demerits be ascribed to her nurse, her guardian, her tutoress, or her preceptor. They all discharged their duties. Her mother alone was culpable. At an early age, she was deprived of her father; and even at this day she laments the loss. How often have I wept at her misfortune, principally, because she was told, that she was an heiress, and was instructed to despise the vulgar. I will not attempt a definition of what may be justly styled vulgar. It is sufficient to say, that she was taught to look down on humility with scorn, and to exalt her views to grandeur.

The property, equally shared with her mother, was inconsiderable in their eyes. It was adequate to their ease,

but was insufficient to the demands of luxury. Friends, however, were not wanting; and Araminta, under the inspection of her mother, received the gloss of education, without the solidity of information. Genius was not wanting; but genius was improperly directed. She was conducted to the higher scenes of life, and occasionally panted for enjoyments, of which, except through the medium of example, she had not a true conception. Behold her in her eighteenth year, adorned with all the graces of youth and beauty. See her smile in the circle of friendship; hear her laugh at the orgies of dissipation. Araminta was received with cordiality in every polite company. Age paid due homage to her natural and acquired graces; whilst with the accents of sentiment she added pleasure to each heart endued with susceptibility.

But alas! she now began to perceive her consequence through the medium of vanity: and aiming at ostentation, lost sight of sensibility. Merely to please was no longer her desire. She was dazzled by splendor, and panted for flattery. Toasted as a beauty and a wit, she imagined that wit and beauty were sufficient to constitute happiness; and exulting in the bloom of spring, had no apprehension of the approach of autumn. She was seriously addressed by Favonius; and marriage was regularly proposed to her mother. But the elder lady looked forward to wealth and its consequences, whilst Araminta was not insensible to personal graces.

Thus the gentleman was rejected by the mother, because he could not support an equipage; and by the daughter, because his deportment was not altogether elegant.—Was Araminta deserving of real censure in this instance? Mercutius addressed her. His appearance was elegant. She barely endured his visits; and even in his presence coquetted with Flavius, for whom she entertained no esteem. The lover consequently receded from his addresses; and deserted by Flavius, Araminta might now acknowledge, that, had she listened to the sighs of Mercutius she might probably have been happy. Possessed of a decent property, he lately married, and displays to an admiring neighborhood, all the conjugal and parental virtues.

Her mother, at this period, deserted the scene of vanity, where she constituted her daughter her inheritrix. Still a flirt, she imagined, that her charms were irresistible. The debt to decency performed, she found herself, as administratrix, about a hundred pounds in debt, without a reasonable hope of discharging the various demands. No polished lovers could now be found; and it would have been fruitless to lavish her smiles upon traders, who were respectively made acquainted with her circumstances, as they presented their bills. She now deplores with true contrition, her comfortless situation; and though she has not erred from the paths of (what is commonly called) female virtue, yet having from all fallacious principles, neglected discretion, however she may claim pity as a woman, she must be censured as a FLIRT.

I resume the idea, which I wished to inculcate in the course of this history, and assert, that a bad education, and especially *that*, which originates in pride, must degrade the human mind, and too often bring misery in its train. Let, therefore every parent, endued with common understanding, reflect on the education of his, or her, children; and, since it must be acknowledged, that ridicule is due to the fop, it ought to be remembered, that sneers, censure and too often, indelible disgrace are the portion of the FLIRT.

SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impearls the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower, and though it has since lost its vermilion, it still retains a partial similitude, for the tear is on it.—But alas! no cheering sun exhales sorrow, and the chrystal that stole forth in the morning from my eye-lid, holds its place at the midnight hour.—And is love, said I, the canker worm that has preyed on thy beauty; does that torturing passion make thee shed the careless tear?—No, Sir, replied Lucilla, love gave me all the choicest blessings, during five years; I rioted in them and this world was a heaven to me.—William, it is true, is no more, but he died in the field of honor—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell

for their country—I bathed his wounds—his last words blessed me—and his expiring sigh was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation—my William loved none but me, and he still lives, in the blessed image which he left me of himself—it was my duty, and soon became my sole delight to point out to the darling boy, the path in which his father trod, and to instil into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue—his young breast felt the glowing flame, and he was wont to weep when I led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father—but he too is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers; here my fancy feeds my sorrow, and this sacred shrine of affection, I shall daily visit, until weary nature conducts me to my husband and my child.

THE LOUNGER.

[From Mrs. Rowson's *Inquisitor*.]

HEIGHO! cried he, stretching and yawning; how shall I pass this day?

It was nine o'clock; he was just up, and had repaired to the coffee-house for his breakfast. He took the newspaper, read two or three advertisements; but soon threw it aside, and seemed wholly occupied in picking his nails and whistling. I will follow you through this day, said I, and immediately put on my ring. He left the coffee-house, and sauntered an hour in the Park, then strolled from one acquaintance's house to another, until he received an invitation to dinner.—That universal topic, the weather, being discussed, and the play for the night mentioned, he had not another word to say, but sat stupidly silent, unless, indeed, he ventured to say yes, or no, to any question asked by the lady of the house.

He once complained of the heaviness of time—she recommended drawing—that required to much study—reading—could not bear a book, it stupified him—music—he could never have patience to learn; he liked nothing but the flute, and that would throw him into a consumption—

I am surprised, said the lady, you

like none of these; give me leave to recommend you a few books that I am sure will help to wear away the time—Bridon's Tour you will find instructive and amusing—Goldsmith's Animated Nature is the same—Sterne is a pleasing author; and there is a vast fund of amusement in—

You have mentioned books enough already, said he, (interrupting her,) to last me my life. I never read any thing except it be a ballad, or the last dying speech of people that were hanged.

Very entertaining and instructive subjects, cried the lady.

He dined and then sauntered to a public house, drank a pint of rum and water, went to the play when it was half over, and came away again without understanding a single sentence he had heard—went again to the public house, squandered away two or three shillings more in drinking, only because he had nothing else to do, and went to bed as he arose, with a mind entirely vacant, unoccupied by thought or reflection—This is the life of a loungeur, said I—If the lives of mortals are recorded in the book of fate, what a blank will this man's life appear!—Yet I am certain he goes to bed every jot as weary as the poor laborer who toils for his daily bread—Is it the fault of education or disposition? said I.

Reason answered, it must be native indolence, or he would otherwise engage in some pleasing study, that might at once employ and amuse him—

It is a matter of doubt with me, whether such a man deserves most our pity or contempt.

THE FORMATION OF WOMAN.

BY DUPONT DE NEMOURS.

AMONG the plants, the flower which is destined to produce fruit, I have formed in the most agreeable and brilliant shape, and finished with the nicest skill. Woman shall be the flower of human kind.

Come to me all ye elements of beauty, of grace, virtue, sensibility, beneficence, and gentleness; combine and

arrange yourselves to please and enchant. Man I could form after my own image; for Woman I have no model but in bright fancy.

Let her be the most perfect of visible creatures; and, if she can, the most happy. Let her heart beat with a livelier pulse than that of man. Let her live more in a less time, and yet that she may enjoy a longer career, she shall be good and useful to her last moment. Let her bless three generations. Let her constitute the happiness of her lover, of her children, and even of her grand-children;—and, in each varying age, let the tenderness she inspires be mingled with respect. Let her delicate nerves convey to every sense, rapid affections. Let her slender foot be proper for the dance, and her white hand to bestow caresses. Let her forbear to employ them profusely in the swift course, and in labors too severe. Let her elegant form and round limbs display and inspire temptation in all their movements. Let them be covered with soft satin, not to be touched without inflaming the daring hand. Let her fine eyes be the mirror of her soul, in which the observer shall read an indulgent and affecting kindness: even while she drops them on the ground. Let them betray her secret wishes. Let her breath diffuse the perfumes of the peach. Let the gentle down be spread upon her cheeks. Let them be colored by an expressive vermilion, which, in the emotions of a tender, though ingenious shame, shall diffuse, even on her brow, modesty. Let her enchanting bosom represent the celestial globes, of which a rose-bud shall form the magnetic pole. Let it offer to desire its first enjoyment—its first nourishment to infancy; and, let man remain in doubt whether it has most contributed to the happiness of the father or of the son. Let her long ringlets, flowing and yet bound, serve at once to so many charms as the veil and ornament. Let them be the shelter of the new-born infant; and, when chance, but more when affection divide them, let the lover feel, as if along with them, the heavens were opened.

HEATHENISH MYTHOLOGY.

ARICH citizen having invited an old friend to take a Sunday's dinner with him at his villa, wishing to

show his guest his leaden images, took him into his garden, where they had the following dialogue:

"Pray sir, (pointing to one of the statues at the end of the walk) what figure is that?"

"That sir, (answered the citizen) that there statue I take to be,—let me recollect—yes, I take that to be either Venus, or Vulcan; but, upon my word, I cannot exactly tell which.—Here, you James, (calling to the gardener) is this Venus, or Vulcan?"

"That is Venus, (answered the man) Vulcan is lame of a leg, and stands upon one foot in the next alley."

"Yes, this is Venus, sure enough, (said the citizen) tho' I was not quite certain at first."

"Perhaps it is not an easy matter to distinguish them?"

"Why, they are both made of the same metal, sir, (said the citizen)."

"She ought to be bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, for you know, Venus was Vulcan's wife."

"I am bound to believe she was, (replied the citizen) since you say so."

"You have so many of these gods, that it is difficult to be master of their private histories."

"It is so, sir, (said the citizen) I was a good while in learning their names—but I know them all pretty well now.—That there man, in the highland garb, is Mars; and the name of the old fellow with the pitchfork is Neptune."

"Sir, you are now very perfect."

A Butcher's boy, carrying his tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her wig. "The deuce take the tray," cried the lady, in a passion. "Madam," said the lad gravely. "The deuce cannot take the tray."

Lon. Pap.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 5, 1804.

The office of the VISITOR is removed to No. 102, Water-street, opposite the CHRONICLE office.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 32 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 11—suicide 1—teething 1—pleurisy 1—scarlet fever 1—accident 1—old age 1—syphilus 1—worms 1—fits 1—incurved spine 1—dropsy 1—nervous fever 2—sudden 2—anasarca 2—and disorders not mentioned 4. Of whom 26 were adults, and 6 children.

The daughter of a Mr. Richard Tucker, of Baltimore, lately from Somerset county, Eastern shore, about seven years old, left her parents for only a few minutes on Saturday night, the 21 ult. but to their sorrow never returned again. Diligent search was made, but no tidings could be learnt of her till Tuesday evening, when she was accidentally found a corpse in the cellar of her father's house on Dugan's wharf, which had been filled with water by the high tide of Saturday, and into which she is supposed to have fallen shortly after absentsing herself.

A patent for a new invented bedstead has been obtained by Messrs. Gilman and Jackson of Portsmouth. N. H. This invention prevents the inconveniences which attend the fixing, putting up and taking down the common bedsteads. It is secured without screws. But little more time is required for putting up and taking down this bedstead than for doing the same by the leaves of a dining table.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27.

The Soldier's Daughter, (Cherry) and a new and magnificent Pantomime, under the direction of Sig. Bologna.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Poor Gentleman, (Colman, the younger) and Pantomime.

MONDAY, APRIL 30.

Earl of Essex, (Rowe) and Pantomime.



Married.

On Saturday last, Mr. Isaac Rose, to Miss Maria Ushoeffer, both of this city.

At Guilford, on the 8th ult. Mr. John Gatfield, of this city, to Miss Sally Vaill, daughter of the late capt. Vaill.

At Brooklyn, James B. Powers, to Miss Mary Berry.

At Little Ogechee, Mr. George Washington Allen, to Miss Mary Heater Odingsell.

At Slieverne, (I.) Mr. William Haughton, aged 74, to Mrs. Bridget Burke, aged 73. She is his 4th wife, and he her 3d husband. The person who acted as bridegroom, was 85.



Died.

On the 3d ultimo, at Monticello, Mrs. Ephes, the 2d daughter of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States.

In South-Carolina, Ephraim Bunche, aged 114.

At Harrisburg, (Penn.) William Maclay, esq.

At Savannah, Wm. Gibbons, esq.

The "Village Maid," by Oscar, is too unfinished to entitle it to appear. The same may be said of Laurence.

Eldred in our next.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

EDUCATION.

Mr. & Mrs. Pirson,

Respectfully inform their friends and the public that on the first of May next they will open a select boarding and day School for young ladies at No. 308 Greenwich Street.

As the number they propose taking will not exceed thirty-five, and as their sole attention will be directed to the improvement of the mind, the morals and the address of their pupils, they hope for a share of public patronage.

SELECT TUITION.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

From 12 till 3 o'clock.

Young Ladies above 12 years of age, who are desirous of perfecting themselves in an approved system of English Education, may apply at JAMES REID's select school for young ladies, No. 80, Greenwich st. on or before the 7th of May, as none will be admitted after that date.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. 11," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less than 24 blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to. Tickets now selling for 24 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.



AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

By James Kenney.

ONE day at a loss to dispose of my time,
And bent on attempting some new sort of
rhyme,
That most with applause should be read,
A satire thought I is a d—d flashy thing—
At folly to pop as she skims on the wing,
And boldly knock Vice on the head.

But then it was hard with such fellows to cope
As Horace and Juvenal, Boileau and Pope;
Of ev'ry vain hope they bereft me.
In fact, they'd so lavishly levell'd their jests
On rogues, fools, and all of Society's pests,
Not a single new thought had they left me.

Thus daunted, the scheme I resolv'd to decline,
When Atticus enter'd to stop my design,
And all my ambition renew:
A plump looking pamphlet he held in his hand:
He opened, when lo! just the thing I had plann'd
Had Atticus brought me to view.

"A Satire you rogue!" I exclaimed in amaze,
"That's brave man! your enterprize merits my
praise—
"Now let us hear what 'tis about."
"Read, read sir," says he; "'tis a thing to my
mind;
"The subject most striking and novel you'll find;
"Read, read sir, I beg, and read out."

I eager obey'd as you'll readily guess,
For on striking and novel, he dwelt with such stress,
At once all my qualms he dispell'd.
I read and soon found all he promis'd was true;
His subject was really most striking and new,
And so it must ever be held.

What was it then pr'ythee? at whom does he sneer?
The statesman, the critic, the parson, the peer?
Not so sir, but if you must know it;
The butts of this poet's sarcastical kicks
Are all little fellows of five feet and six,
And all little fellows below it!

What a thought! that it never should enter my head!
The want of new objects no longer I'll dread,
But Atticus' hint I'll pursue.
No more by such fears shall my genius be check'd!
Since Nature herself may be quizz'd with effect
I may surely find plenty to do.

Her blunders present me unlimited scope:
On Horace and Juvenal, Boileau and Pope,
No longer I'll think with despair.
Mid the deaf, and the dumb; and the blind, and the
lame,
In the field of infirmity starting my game,
I've still left a pretty good share.

Complexions unseemly, or limb that offends;
Bandy legs and high shoulders, carbuncles and wens,
Shall soon feel the force of my song.
Your scare-crows and dowdies I'll cursedly maul,
All under sized people, or people too tall,
And people as broad as they're long.

All ye that have locks to disfigure the pate,
Like carrots in hue, or as stubbornly straight,
Such locks ye shall certainly rue.
And henceforth shall none with impunity wear
A nose of the bottle kind, nose that's too spare,
Or nose you might make into two.

On an uncomely leg, or a mere stump of wood
Assuming the place where a leg has once stood;
Depend on't my wit shan't be stinting.
No face with more mouth than should come to its share,
Or short of an eye any longer I'll bear,
And let me catch any man squinting!

Next ailments of ev'ry description I'll scout:
Colds, agues and fevers, the gripes and the gout,
Shall get a satirical trimming.
And dotage shall feel too the gall of my pen,
For no good excuse can there be for old men,
And surely still less for old women.

Then prosper great bard! in this glorious career.
Tho' apes of ignoble dimensions may jeer,
Success your exertions must crown.
From readers more partly you'll meet with your due,
And Satire so singular, striking, and new,
Shall bring you deserved renown!

FOR THE VISITOR.

TO JULIAN.

AH tell me Julian, tell me true,
If thou so cruel e'er can prove,
To blast my promis'd hopes in view
Of happiness in love.

No, no, too well thy looks declare
That thou can'st ne'er deceive,
Thy Laura then will not despair,
But in thy truth believe.

Oft has suspicion wrung her heart,
Oft has she tried to love no more,
When hopes return'd with magic art,
And bid her Julian still adore.

LAURA.



N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-hall, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-hall, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to
any that have been imported, as they are made after
the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with
neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers
for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has
every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soli-
citing also the patronage of the public, informs; that
he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street
where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A
Tutress will attend in said School for the purpose of
teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work.
The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to la-
dies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particular-
ly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish
them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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